University of Alberta Library
0 1620 2789983 8

50c. per copy

CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE

ESTABLISHED 1936

PS
8273
C512
v.21:
no.1
1957

Augustana

No. 1 TORONTO, ONT. AUTUMN — 1957

EX LIBRIS
UNIVERSITATIS
ALBERTENSIS

CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE

VOLUME 21

No. 1 — Autumn — 1957

Published by

THE CANADIAN AUTHORS ASSOCIATION

Toronto, Ontario

Canada

HAIL, AND FAREWELL

"Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon . . . "

Any specific parallel to the circumstances in which our primordial parents "took their solitary way" through Eden is categorically disclaimed. Readers and sponsors of the *Canadian Poetry Magazine* are not turning from the lilies of Paradise to the thistles of a harsh penal husbandry but are merely exchanging one good editor for another good editor. In such circumstances, we are constrained to salute them both with our gratitude and good wishes.

Leo Cox has deserved well of the Canadian Authors Association, both as National Treasurer (1944-47) and as editor of the *Canadian Poetry Magazine* (1954-57). He is also the author of several volumes of fine verse: *Sheepfold* (1926), *The Wind in the Field* (1932), *River Without End* (1937) and *North Star* (1942). His scholarly taste has helped greatly in maintaining the *C.P.M.'s* catholic tradition of hospitality to authentic poetry in all modes and from all schools. We thank him from our hearts.

Vernon Blair Rhodenizer, Ph.D., D.Litt., is the Emeritus Professor of English at Acadia University, where from his appointment to the staff in 1918 down to his retirement in 1954 he included a course in Canadian literature on the menu of his department. His monumental anthology, *Canadian Poetry* (Ryerson, 1954), showed his awareness of values both in traditional and in more recent poetic forms. We anticipate a distinguished career for him as editor of the *C.P.M.* and welcome him to the task.

We are also grateful to Mr. Arthur S. Bourinot, lawyer, scholar, poet and sometime editor, for consenting to act as Associate Editor during Dr. Rhodenizer's régime.

Watson Kirkconnell,
National President.

AUGUSTANA LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Canadian Poetry Magazine

A quarterly magazine, published by the Canadian Authors Association for the encouragement and development of Canadian verse. Annual subscription, $2.00; single copies 50 cents. Verse published in the Magazine will be paid for at the rate of 1 cent a word with a minimum of one dollar. The Magazine shall have first publication rights only; the copyright will remain with the author. Verse published elsewhere will not be accepted for publication. If return of manuscript is desired, a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed. **Only Canadian stamps are acceptable. Contributors from U.S.A. and other countries should use International (or Imperial) reply Coupons.** Individual criticism of verse submitted cannot be undertaken. Address, Business Manager, "Canadian Poetry Magazine", 282 Davisville Ave., Toronto, Canada.

Patrons of poetry are reminded that we pay for all poems printed, and are grateful for donations to defray the expense of this policy.

Manuscripts should be mailed to The Editor, V. B. Rhodenizer, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

Printed by Quality Press Limited, Montreal.

FOUNDATION SUPPORTERS

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that a magazine such as this is not a profit making venture: It is published by The Canadian Authors Association for the encouragement of poetry in Canada and its continued appearance is only made possible by the generosity of its Foundation Supporters.

Contributions are needed and would be very welcome.

The Editor and The Management Committee

Canadian Poetry Magazine Donors
1957

E. D. Arnold
E. P. Taylor
Mrs. Douglas G. Henderson
Lady Flora Eaton
Hon. Cairine R. Wilson
The Grolier Society
Ethel Kirk Grayson
Mrs. Lorraine Gould
Mrs. Amabel King
Miss Mazo de la Roche
Mrs. Marjorie Freeman Campbell
Arthur S. Bourinot
Mrs. Ethel MacDougall
Mrs. Fox Hutchinson

Toronto Branch Poetry Group
Montreal Branch Poetry Group
Miss Margaret Church
Leo Cox — Mrs. Jean Beatty
The Editor of the Winnipeg Free Press
Second Short Story Group, Montreal Branch, in memory of Ellen V. Brown.

CONTENTS OF THE AUTUMN 1957 EDITION

"The Kitchen," "I Hear the Sea Gulls Crying," *Mary Weekes*
"Zephyrs," *Irene Sampson;* "Automobile", *Abbott Conway*
"The River and the Realm," *Don Thomson*
"The Dream Lives On," "Atomic War," *M. M. Mitchell*
"Two Sonnets," *W. Fred Mitchell*
"Niagara," "Two Clouds," *Mary A. Shepherd*
"Island Requiem," *Barbara Jean Hughes*
"Mysterious Landscape," "August Ends," "To the Fates," trans. *K. W. Maurer*
"The River," *M. J. Collie;* "How do Flowers Live?", *Arthur Stilwell*
"Illusion Glass," *Marion K. Henry;* "Confession," *John S. Peach*
"Blue Ceramic and Nasturtiums," *Marion K. Henry;* "The Widow," *May C. Jenkins*
"Lullaby to an Indian Baby," *Eva Marion Ray;* "Desert Flower." *Margaret H. Keifer*
"The Warm Core," "If Just One Poem," *M. Eugenie Perry*
"Elegy," *Grace Ullock*
"Next Year's Engagement Calendar," "Blue", *Kate Brackett*
"Amateurs," *Carleton Drewry*
"The Change," "Rain Garden Sketch," *Willis Eberman*
"River Rampant," "Bethlehem is not so Far," *Beth Duvall Russell*
"Disillusionment," "Cycle," *Rockwell B. Schaefer*
"End of Search," *Hope Stoddard;* "Evolution," *Sheila Flume Taylor*
"Hazard," *Virginia Brady Young;* "Derision from the Summit," *Norman Young*
"The Artist," "Idyl," *W. Price Turner*
"Poetry and Criticism," *the Editor*

The contents of this Quarterly are indexed in the Canadian Index, published by the Canadian Library Association.

CANADIAN
POETRY
MAGAZINE

Autumn 1957

VOLUME 21 - - NUMBER 1

Committee:
EDITOR - - - - V. B. RHODENIZER
Wolfville, Nova Scotia
Associate: - A. S Bourinot, 158 Carleton Road, Rockcliffe, Ottawa, Ont.
Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

EDITORIAL

President Kirkconnell has aptly expressed for us all our appreciation of the efficient manner in which Leo Cox edited volumes 18-20 of our poetry magazine. He proved himself a worthy member of a line of distinguished editors, E. J. Pratt, Watson Kirkconnell, Earle Birney, and Arthur S. Bourinot. The name of Mr. Cox's immediate predecessor, A. S. Bourinot, who edited the *Canadian Author and Bookman* (1953-4) and the *Canadian Poetry Magazine* (1948-54), returns to the masthead of the latter with the designation Associate Editor. Since ceasing to edit these two magazines, he has made important contributions to Canadian literary criticism, especially in the field of poetry. His *Five Canadian Poets* (1954) contains studies of D. C. Scott, Lampman, Sangster, W. E. Marshall, and G. F. Cameron. *The Quick and the Dead* (1955) consists of views on and reviews of poetry. A valuable bibliography of E. W. Thomson, with notes and some letters, appeared in 1955, followed by two other illuminating booklets, *Archibald Lampman's Letters to Edward William Thomson* (1956) and *The Letters of Edward William Thomson to Archibald Lampman* (1957).

THE KITCHEN

"The sills are gone
The timbers rotten,"
'Twas said
Of the old farm kitchen.

But to land sea-circled
In the wind's wide reach,
That ever and ever
Rising tides sever
To form an island,
The kitchen bicentennial was hauled and renovated.

Fixed on the island's lovely crown —

Shipshape and proper
After a century
No groans the kitchen's timbers utter,
No elm-beam rocks
In the roaring Equinox.

When warm possession enters
And winds waft softly in from sea,
Nudging doors and twitching curtains,
Ghosts in the smoke-stained rafters
Of the old farm kitchen creak

And chortle in ethereal glee.

The kitchen's windows look
On salmon sunsets off
Saint George's Bay.
On quiet harbour and
Marshes wide,
That woo and repluse the urgent tide.

Lonely, the ancient kitchen
When night divorces the dying day
And the seagull's haunting cry;
When flicker and glow of lamplight

Soothe the ghosts in the loft
And the long moan of the sea around

Is the only sound;

Till, through the eastern windows,
The Sun — rising from empty seas
To blaze in morning skies —
Appears,
Drenches the roof,
And the old farm kitchen breathes

And comes alive.

Mary Weekes,
Regina.

I HEAR THE SEA GULLS CRYING

I watch the sails,
White against opal sky and green water,
Racing the gulls.

I see them go — ten
White sails
Now serene and slow, now
Tossing into combers and levelling off.

I follow the dipping sails
As they tremble,
Round the headland, fade into
Vacuity —
And I hear the sea gulls
Crying.

Mary Weekes

ZEPHYRS

My spirit is wind that would waft me on
To the highest hills at the break of dawn;
To picturesque scenes at the height of day,
When it's good to be alive and away!
To the meadows, too, surrounded by hedge,
As I dance with trout at the water's edge;
To fish or to read by the gurgling creek,
Has glamor enough for my soul to seek!

Irene Sampson,
R.R. 1, Red Bank, N.B.

AUTOMOBILE

Thunder on the black road,
Swiftly streaking down the broad highway:
Gently, like a bird's flight; softly, silently —
And beneath the hood — Power.

Abbott Conway,
Huntsville, Ont.

THE RIVER AND THE REALM

The endless thunder of the thrusting stream,
constant and measureless as Time itself,
shook the resourceful savage, his small gods,
and daring knowledgeable man alike.
The sullen unrelenting iron roar,
in cataracts of pounding river surf,
proclaimed the fierce implacable advance
of half our inland rainfall to the sea.
Funnelled in furious force through cuts,
scored in the sturdy limestone floor,
the awful torrent claimed as rightful prey
brave fools defiant of the Long Sault spray.

Yet, look this day — no warning rumble now —
the flying rainbow froth and whitecaps gone;
instead, an ugly, scar-like, littered trench
of shattered rock, a hard detrital scab
naked to laughter and to thoughtless scorn
this first occasion since the world was born;
the majesty and challenge drained away —
the treachery too — all harnessed fast
to serve the needs of nationhood at last.

Don W. Thomson,
Ottawa.

THE DREAM LIVES ON

The singer is gone but the song remains,
The dreamer is dead but the dream lives still;
Failure? success? what the world maintains
Of passion frustrated or witless will.
The prince, the pauper, the millionaire.
The poet, the peasant, their work is done;
Maid, wife, or widow, but dust; no care
If loved or rejected once, — it's now all one.
Dust unto dust, man's flesh, all his works,
Pyramids, palace, lone wood-cutter's hut
Blown on the wild wind, where Death's shadow lurks,
Roses like ragweed, now earth-mother; — but
If once there was dream, though the dreamer's
forgotten and gone,
Centuries after some poet will show that the dream
lives on.

M. M. Mitchell,
Lansdowne, Ont.

ATOMIC WAR: THE AFTERMATH

Death, thou art drawing near and ever nearer,
We hear thy stealthy, but persistent tread;
Each passing hour but sounds that sentence clearer:
'Six months, we fear', the scientists have said.
Six months' reprieve, while still the pulses quicken;
Drink, then, deep draughts of Beauty, warm and red:
The summer scents, the wind's caress, I sicken
Remembering there's no sun's kiss for the dead.

None may go with us, even love must linger,
That unknown path each travels all alone.
Dust unto dust — from far-flung deserts blown —
Clings to Death's atom-fissioned, beckoning finger.
Into some vast, star-studded space we're flown.
Dear God! How bitter-sweet lost loves have grown.

M. M. Mitchell.

TWO SONNETS

O you are one with all the lovely things
Crowding the vista of departed days:
The perfect harmony of throbbing strings
Wrought by the hand of Kreisler when he plays
An old Vienna waltz, the old, glad tales,
Faces of friends around the firelight's glow,
Isles in the mist, a glimpse of drifting sails,
Brown pools in Spring, green pines on virgin snow,
Rainbows at sunset when the passing showers
Leave myriad jewels gleaming on the trees,
The innocence of childhood's happy hours,
The dreams of youth, ay, you are one with these;
Remembering your glad smile, that will I keep
A treasured memory, till my last long sleep.

Do you remember that midsummer night,
Our last together ere you went away?
We drifted idly in the stars dim light
Upon the quiet waters. Far away
A bird sang in the darkness; the quick flame
Of fireflies gave intermittent glow;
There in the after-hush I breathed your name
And heard your whispered words, "I love you so."
The full-leaved summer never crowns the year
Or breath of clover blossoms scents the lea,
But I can feel your presence strangely near,
Haunting the memory like a melody
Heard in a by-gone day — which when re-sung
Brings back the golden hours when we were young.

W. Fred Mitchell.

NIAGARA

Through the ear the "Mighty Thunderer" makes
First assault upon the senses. A roar,
Like a thousand throbbing jungle drums, shakes
The earth, calling to see what lies in store.
Then through the eye, fearing to look away,
Lest it lose one moment of such splendour.
Then through the flesh, as on the face, cold spray
Mingles with tears which awe doth engender.
Indians, priests, explorers visioned naught
Of the miracles which were to flower,
As man with his struggling, probing mind sought
And found means to harness thy great power.
What riddles since first thy birth by glacier!
What riddles yet ere the last erasure!

Mary A. Shepherd,
Montreal.

TWO CLOUDS

In June two clouds come in the night,
And hover in my garden small;
One cloud of purest pristine white,
And one pink cotton candy ball.

And round about and in between
Their intermingling fragrance drifts.
The bees their golden harvest glean,
And leave behind their pollen gifts.

Then Nature with the aid of time,
Working her mystic chemistry,
Makes of the white cloud, cherries prime,
The pink, a fruited apple tree.

Mary A. Shepherd.

ISLAND REQUIEM

Should I die here,
Then I would prefer
To lie upon some island
Where water gently creeps
Along and around,
And winds blow gently
Or wildly as they will.
The trees around would
Sing their song of joy
Or perhaps mourn a little.

The white snow,
A virgin sparkling thing,
Would tremble to the touch
Of a rabbit's foot.
Making little trails
That lead to and from and are gone.

In the summer time
Small growing things
Would reach up and up to God,
To be kissed by His warmth;
He takes them from
Their beginning to their end,
In warmth and in joy
And beneath the song of a bird.

Here they may bury me,
My soul belonging
To no earthly place.
I have been alone
And have lived
Within its intimacy.
I have found tranquillity
In this new place
And am content in its solitude.

Barbara Jean Hughes,
Brochet, Man.

MYSTERIOUS LANDSCAPE

Richly scattered temple ruins
Yellow in the sun's blaze stand.
Clumps of broom between the columns
Draw their gold from scorching sand.

Noble butterflies enamel
Marble head and marble lap;
In the God's dark armpit hollow
Foisons bright green mosses' nap.

In burning dust, limp and broken,
A grey snake lies, glowing bronze;
Children worshipping and kneeling
Cover it with walnut fronds.

Already from the ground ascending
Creep hard beetles, swarm by swarm,
To their hot and torrid orbit
They drag back the rigid form.

Hans Carossa,
translated by K. W. Maurer,
Winnipeg.

AUGUST ENDS

Yet once again the summer, though belated,
Wins back the strength we thought was past and done;
Its glory into short days concentrated
Glows with the splendour of unclouded sun.

So might a man, already done with strife,
And from the fray withdrawn in disillusion,
Suddenly dare again the waves' confusion,
Risking in one last plunge the rest of life.

Whether in a late love himself he spends,
Or to a late work all his effort turns,
In deed or in delight his mind now burns,
Deep, autumnal-clear, knowing how all ends.

Herman Hesse,
translated by K. W. Maurer.

TO THE FATES

One summer only grant me, ye mighty ones,
An autumn give for song's golden mastery.
Let music flow, that my heart assuaged
In sweet fulfilment may die more gladly!

Who never felt the gods' incandescence, as
His due was, rests nowhere, not even in death;
But oh, if once my song, the holy
Urge that is in me, finds voice, is borne aloft,

Why, welcome then, mute death-world of shadows!
I am content, though on the dark way no
Music but silence go with me. Once
I lived like the gods; no more is needed.

Hölderlin,
translated by K. W. Maurer.

THE RIVER

I knew all beauty, and had measured it
against the fine-spun complex of my soul.
I knew each insect's markings, how they fit
its need, observed of nature's art its whole
functional gaudiness — as tinsel lines
reveal the wealth and structure of the rock:
or superficial portraiture defines
the random pattern of an ancient stock.
My mind had hardened to mere visual right
relationship — each splendour was no more
than mere coincidence of form: delight,
like measureable fact, conformed to law —
and yet this river's sullen noiseless flow
asserts dim meanings that man can not know.

M. J. Collie,
Winnipeg.

HOW DO FLOWERS LIVE?

How do flowers live? Sparkling in the sun,
And laughing in sweet, summer rain,
Despising winter's brigand frosts that stun,
And slay with sudden pain.

Like these cavaliers let's frolic and bow,
While summer's carnival abides,
Dancing fragrance through each meadow,
Scornful of fortune's tides.

And like brave flowers let us bravely tread,
Into the embrace of eternity,
Waving goodbye, with an unflinching head,
To our mortality.

Arthur Stilwell,
Saskatoon.

ILLUSION'S GLASS

To the crystal lure of the outdoor pool,
through the high altitudes of peace,
on sure swift wings it came;
with all the mounting might of acceleration
the osprey struck
the perpendicular of glass.

A newborn shadow hovered above
crumpled majesty;
motionless wings
were outspread before us.

I thought of life
when great forces come together
expectantly,
and unexpectedly crash
against the calling expanse
of illusion's glass.

Marion Kathleen Henry,
Calgary.

CONFESSION

The mansions of my love comprise the universe;
The windswept hill, the laughing woods, the trotting rain,
The touch — a bookful — brimmed with story,
The tiptoe journey through the longings of the heart,
The thunder of exultant moments made from dreams,
The soft forgiveness, and the steel-cored will
That bends in wordless joy before a glance,
The stars that never dwelt in any sky.
In my love's house too are many mansions
Each one of them is you.

John S. Peach,
Calgary.

BLUE CERAMIC AND NASTURTIUMS

The fire of colour
burning in the bowl of flowers
stirs to leaping flame
a well-deep desire to catch
and hold the fleeting
butterfly of beauty.

Pursuit too bold, shall fail,
as shall he
who timidly, with net and bowl,
strives to gather to himself
an elusive treasure.

O where shall one learn
a skill so cloaked in secrecy
before the flame fades,
and the blue bowl diminishes to dust.

Marion Kathleen Henry.

THE WIDOW

The house is very still. Like me, it lies
Drained of delight and shrouded in its pain.

You are away — and I alone must go
Up empty stairs and into lonely rooms
Which yield to me their aching sympathy.
I hear them say, 'We too are listless, lost,
Because he is not here. We know your grief
And all your grief's despair. We too have been
Invaded, changed for ever, and bereft —'

Fading, the voices whisper . . .
'What is left?'

May C. Jenkins,
Edmonton.

LULLABY TO AN INDIAN BABY

Hush! Hush! Hush!
The stars are candles in the night,
My Indian baby, by their light
You watch the moon, oh, shyly peep;
Sleep, my baby, sweetly sleep.

The night winds kiss your closing eyes,
Star-dust is drifting from the skies,
And under your long lashes creep;
Sleep, my baby, gently sleep.

The doe beside her mother rests,
The singing birds dream in their nests,
The young wild goat climbs up the steep;
You in your cradle dream in sleep.

Our birch canoe rocks to and fro,
The paddle stroke is soft and slow;
Along the shore the shades are deep,
While you, my baby, safely sleep.

Eva Marion Ray,
Victoria.

DESERT FLOWER

Our hearth-ashes lay cold and still,
When from the mantel burst in flame
A cactus bloom, as if it came
Far from its desert-home to fill
Our heart's waste places with delight.
Flaming for vanished face of friend,
Reviving music at an end:
Star-tipped stamens, lambent-white,
Spark ecstasies that had declined:
Before this fascinating fire,
As shadows fade when flames leap higher,
All thoughts of sadness flee the mind.

Margaret Hurdon Keifer,
Victoria.

THE WARM CORE

Here is the centre of universe, the warm core,
And you in the willing web.
All roads radiate, pursue the arteries of trade
To the shade of the imponderable beyond;
But always for me, return. A day with you —
Ah, the nuance of mood and understanding —
Is delight; a night, is the mint of silence.

What of the newest dream,
Universe and universe and universe gyring in space?
So poor and lonely that unimaginable otherness,
Pairing the lowering missile threat.
For him who has lived, who has loved, who has suffered,
The splendid agony, the doubt and suspense,
The riddle and rumble of atoms is cushioned fear.

Love — that so small a word in all the heavens —
Wags our world; the oneness and closeness
So incomparably dear, vistas elude.
Love *is,* and cradled in its aura,
There is the centre of universe, the warm core.

M. Eugenie Perry,
Victoria.

IF JUST ONE POEM

If just one poem or the sound of singing
Clings to your name, some spark of genius here —
Triumph above the exigencies of living,
Or crippling sorrow. "Time, there is never time,"
The recurrent cry, soon breeding indifference,
Blighting your talent's buds, as buds are blighted
In a neglected garden, leaving the world deprived
Of spring's magnificance, summer's exotic show.

The Godmother gifts of laughter and charm
Come untrammeled, evanescent as perfume.
Art imposes tyrannical rule, so you salvage
An hour and an hour from the limit of day-space,
Pursuing your gleam — is it painting a picture
To 'hang on the line'? Ah, this for achievement,
As just one poem or the sound of singing
Brings you the lift of fulfilled destiny.

M. Eugenie Perry.

ELEGY

I chose the quiet heart to keep
And drew each placid day
About my shoulders like a shawl
In muted shades of grey.

Too well I knew the sun could burn
And warm rain turn to sleet;
So always I, with parasol,
And rubbers on my feet,

Would venture forth, but quick return
At murmur of a storm,
To where the caged flame would keep
My timid fingers warm.

But sometimes, when the lightening flare
Sets off the thunder gun,
Or all the colour I have missed
Crowds to the setting sun,

Ah . . . then I cavil at the cost
Of glory disavowed:
Too soon I wrapped myself within
The safety of my shroud.

Grace Ullock,
Victoria.

NEXT YEAR'S ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR

Efficient in December, pen in hand,
I write on yet unborn, star-wandering days,
(Numbered eternally as Gregory planned.)
I teach the future these suburban ways . . .
Monthly "send check", vacation, "Mother here",
Class, weekly game, bazaar — I've placed them all.
Brash tidiness! Ask rather — not in fear
But curious wonder — which mouse-plans will fall
Shattered, when unforeseeable but certain
A great blade flashes from behind the curtain?

Kate Brackett,
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

BLUE

Blue is for joy, a shout around the skies.
Says yes to sun, says yes to space, says yes.
Blue is blue water, blue is dungarees,
Blue the cerulean Madonna gown.
Blue was the color of my mother's dress
When daisies tall as I stood all around.
(The blue dress smelled of sun, and she would press
Into my lips wild strawberries she found.)

In clamorous gardens, delft and indigoes
Of cornflower and larkspur-minaret
Make music out of pink-red-orange noise.
In a confused unhallowed room a shape
Blue-curving carols like a longed-for voice.

Look, crumbs of heaven: sapphires dark or starred,
Turquoises, lapis lazuli,
Eyes, eyes like all of these . . . and up — up —
Blue, endless blue the springing sky.

Kate Brackett

AMATEURS

Over and over by rote
In life we learn many things,
Achieving the pure note,
Mastering horn and strings;

Become professional,
Turn in a 70 score
By driving a small ball
300 yards or more.

We are proficient in
Shot putting, vaulting, tennis,
Reeling in tarpon, or
Shooting beasts that mean no menace.

At ball, base-, basket-, foot-,
We have learned to be expert.
Oh, we are absolute
In the prowess we exert

Till that one Thing not tried,
Not trained for, once occurs,
The trial wherein none have vied:
Then all are amateurs.

Carleton Drewry,
Roanoke, Va.

THE CHANGE

The bamboo leaves are shaking under the rain.
They weave in the wind; a few fall,
Yellow, chartreuse, to the long grass.

The willow chafes by the wall, under the wind,
Creaking and sighing. What are these portents?
It is only that summer is over; that winter is near.

Drift down, amber leaves of the maple,
Leaves of the apple and of the locust trees,
For all is great change.

I, too, am an aging leaf about to fall,
And nourish the root of re-birth.

Willis Eberman,
Portland, Ore.

RAIN GARDEN SKETCH

Down stretches the straight, the silver rain
like harp strings from black heaven. The monarda
blossoms stand like peppermint candy cones
on their tall, pale stems. Willow falls over
under the heavenly music, rot at its root;
and all the happy moles are eating, enjoying
the garden. Rain stops. Still black heaven hangs;
aeroplane grinds under it, vibrating the windows.
Chickadee hops out of heaven's nowhere, bounces
on branch, and away . . .

Willis Eberman.

RIVER RAMPANT

(St. Lawrence)

The waters frenzy at the wind's wild taste
And froth white wrath against the island rock:
Countering current, with a deep blue haste,
Impels this mighty river to the shock
Of raging rapids, north between the lands;
Thence onward, tumbling, rampant in the gale
While each of two great nations understands
And glories in the grandeur of the tale
Told by the storm. Cloud-swept, the chartreuse sky
Bends to chameleon turbulence below:
Heroic artistry paints for the eye
Montage no mortal hand has skill to show.
Kaleidoscope of matchless pageantry . . .
When storm-fiends ride this river to the sea!

Beth Duvall Russell,
New York.

BETHLEHEM IS NOT SO FAR

Now the Angel Song again
Bursts in joy upon the earth,
Quickening the souls of men
To the tidings of His birth . . .

Son of God! Age after age
Wise men journey forth to find
Where the holy pilgrimage
Leads to peace for all mankind.

Bethlehem is not so far
When Love lights the Christmas star.

Beth Duvall Russell.

DISILLUSIONMENT

I sought her in the flush of dreams
Midst drowsing fields and humming streams,
And with the mist of wearied sleep she came.

I sought her in my fancied flights
Through softly colored haloed lights;
What tender sweetness with her vision came.

When love-winged hopes would cravings stir
With glowing scent of honeyed myrrh,
She filled my heart when poppy-wreathed she came.

I found her in the grim today,
A woman warm and soft, but clay;
And then the realness of her spent the flame.

Rockwell B. Schaefer,
New York

CYCLE

The April winds in whispered promising
Impress their kisses for remembering
Upon the softness of the timid leaves
That summer's wantoning conceives.

When dry September's gusts have swept the scene
And covered every leaf and spike of green
With ripe and brittle shades of copper rust,
The kisses turn to seedlings in the dust.

Rockwell B. Schaefer.

END OF SEARCH

I travelled woods from dusk to dawn
Yet never found a leprechaun;
I swam all waves beneath the sun
Yet found no mermaid, no not one.
I heard a voice, I gazed in eye,
Yet found not love — not I, not I!
I strove not, came back to the start
And found them all within my heart.

Hope Stoddard,
East Orange, N.J.

EVOLUTION

He roused himself from scented bed
With wild-flowers crowned about his head;
In gardens uninhabited
He piped the songs the birds had sung;
Music was his only creed,
His one desire, his single need.
Pan played his lays upon a reed
While yet the whirling world was young.
But silent-flowing time has sped;
Men have written, men have read . . .
Who knows, who knows if Pan is dead,
Or where he hid his flute?
Was simple Pan the opera's seed?
Or does his raptured being feed
On jazz; does he swing in the lead? . . .
. . . Or have his lips grown mute?

Sheila Flume Taylor,
New York.

HAZARD

While others watch the scenery
Rising from the road,
I watch the helpless creatures
— Groundhog, squirrel, toad.
Between the speeding autos
Across the pavement's glare,
Impervious to danger
They dart, they leap, they dare!
Whether I travel east or west
As I spot them one by one,
I'll always whisper tautly,
"Run, little creature, run!"

Virginia Brady Young,
Hamilton, N.Y.

DERISION FROM THE SUMMIT

You ask me of the past?
It was nothing more than the Grand Satire.
The heavens looked down on Theban supremacy,
They smiled at Macedonia,
August Athens evoked their laughs,
And Sparta to the Olympians
Was a joke.

Norman Young,
New York.

ARTIST

If the eye love truth and the hand be free
all that you paint will breathe and move
vibrant before the eyes of men.
The youngest legend you dare prove
rests in your spirit's mighty tree
to nest, and fresh-plumed rise again.

Wherever zest and vision roam
in bird-soft tones of life enjoyed,
our faiths are feathered in the void:
we know the fierce wish soaring home.
We feel our wings and we are proud
wondering what our souls have vowed.

W. Price Turner,
Glasgow, Scotland.

IDYLL

Under the rowans now the words
of lovers fade in summer air,
muted by frolic of shrill birds
to ebb in love's long stare.

Beyond these shadow trellises
earth's mighty lover blazes,
whose tireless self-analysis
consumes all lesser phases

of love and love's deceits
to bring us to ourselves:
we learn from small defeats
how deep old power delves.

W. Price Turner.

POETRY AND CRITICISM

An American Takes a Walk and Other Poems (1956), by Reed Whittemore. Toronto, Thomas Allen, 82 pp., $3.00. *Poems* (1957), by Francis Golffing. London, Villiers Publications, 16 pp., $.50.

Mr. Whittemore, a teacher of English, who previously published *Heroes and Heroines* (1946), is a witty philosopher with a special gift of expression in delightfully humorouse verse. Mr. Golffing has both wit and philosophy, but his expression of them in verse is sometimes stultified by far-fetched imagery.

The New Apologists for Poetry (1956), by Murray Krieger. Toronto, Thomas Allen, 225 pp., $4.00 educational, $4.75 trade. *Poetry Public,* Hastings, Neb., Quarterly, vol. V, 1, 2-3, $2.00 a year.

In 12 divisions grouped under 3 main sections, — "The Creative Process," "The Asthetic Object," and "The Function of Poetry," — Associate Professor of English Murray Krieger, of the University of Minnesota, Undertakes to explain the poetics of the "new critics," some of whom, in the reviewers judgment, obfuscated rather than clarified the subject and directly or indirectly contributed to the baneful obscurity of a great deal of the "new poetry" in the English-speaking world since the First World War, especially that of the "neometaphysical poets." Of the critics who encouraged this group, the three Canadians, E. K. Brown, W. E. Collin, and A. J. M. Smith, are not mentioned. Passing reference is made to Douglas Bush among those unfavorable to the "new critics."

Poetry Public opens to all of its subscribers the discussion of poetry and its critics and considers also verse submitted by others.

V. B. R.

CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE
282 DAVISVILLE AVE.
TORONTO, ONTARIO

* * *

($2.00 a year — 50 cents a copy)

* * *

ENCLOSED FIND THE
SUM OF.....

Subscription to Canadian Poetry Magazine for.....year.

Commencing.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

Additional copies may be ordered
(While supply lasts)

3 for $1.00
6 for $2.00
10 for $3.00

Old copies (if available) 50c each plus postage

Please mail your order and cheque, cash or postal order, directly to Quality Press Limited, P.O. Box 523, Montreal.

Notwithstanding
Technological progress
Publishers find
It more costly
To publish than ever.
And poets and authors
Are the disinherited children
Whom the magic
Of automation
And the gospel
Of Adam Smith
Has denied its blessing.

Says Aldous Huxley:
"If publishers
Can no longer afford
To manufacture and distribute
Worst Sellers, why
Shouldn't the job
Be done
By the Author?"

With this in mind
We solicit your Mss
Be it poem or novel
And will gladly quote
A low price
Within your reach (we hope)
No 'Vanity house' ours!
Just printers
Interested in such work.

QUALITY PRESS LIMITED
1030 St. Alexander St.
Montreal